

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

ENGAGED

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

"Well, Martha," Mrs. Kent said plaintively, "Mel dropped in to tell me he was engaged."

"Engaged!" Martha whispered. The color reddened her fine white skin, and then she was as white as a pear blossom. She held up her head very high, and walked out of the room. But when she had crossed the threshold, and was sure she was out of her mother's sight, she reached up furtively and wiped away the tears that were brimming her eyes.

Mel—engaged. To Della, or course—Della with her bobbed hair and her swinging earrings and pretty painted lips and her naughty dark eyes. Martha had seen it all along; she knew that he only dropped in on the Kent's honey-suckle-shaded porch because it was so near by. She knew that it was the tinkle of hericed tea in tall glasses, and her mother's cream cake that he enjoyed better than all their conversation.

Her mother had told her over and over again that she must talk and laugh the way Della did. But something in Martha raised a high stone wall across which she gazed at any young man with frightened palpitation.

But the man were ever so old, r homesly, or forsaken, Martha was charming. Her blue eyes danced, and the dimple in hiding came out to help her smile.

But that was just the trouble with Mel Hall. He was not old or homesly or forsaken. All the girls in town were interested in him and let him see it, too. Sometimes Martha thought he chose their shadowy, fragrant porch because he could take a little respite here from eternal flirtation and the following glances of admiring eyes.

She couldn't talk to him. She could listen to him. She loved the sound of his deep voice with its velvet drawl. She loved to see him bend over his cigarette in the darkness while the lighted match showed his clear-cut features—the boyish mouth, the straight nose, the teasing, laughing eyes she loved.

Loved. She came to that word, and her heart seemed to drop away. She couldn't go on loving him in secret any more. Not when Della—with her provocative glances and her cigarette-stained fingers, claimed him. Martha could almost fancy Della laughing at her secretly all this time, and calling her "poor old maid" for that was what her mother spoke of daily. "You'll be an old maid, Martha, with your stiff ways; that's not the way to treat men. Look at Della!"

Oh, yes; her mother was right; but now, at least, she wouldn't spend any more of those times in which she told herself that she would try to copy Della. She could just go on being herself, and not letting any one know that her heart was breaking under her pale organdie frock.

Yet she remembered how she had stolen up to her own room at night and had peered in at her face with the shy blue eyes, color of periwinkles, and as the shining hair that she unwound from the banded coils about her head, and thought he might grow to love her.

She wasn't the kind of girl who could laugh and play and tease, like the other girls. She was horribly old-fashioned and she knew it.

Sometimes Martha had slipped to her knees and said a very short, very childish prayer, but after it was over and she lay in her narrow white bed, she could almost believe that Mel Hall would come to care for her sometime. Yet every word that her mother said was true, she was just like a little frozen statue of a girl, a picture of a girl when Mel dropped in at the Kent's shady porch and smoked a cigarette for a moment before he swung on down the street.

And now he was engaged. All her tiny hopes were frustrated and Martha knew that now nothing mattered; that she could set back and be an old maid in peace and even endure in silence the daily iteration of her mother's plaint.

Now she walked down the porch steps and down the street with the awful of blue iris that she was taking crippled Miss Davey.

Here she was calmly going on about her errands although her heart wasn't breaking within her? "Hi, Martha!"

She lifted her head from the even squares of her pavement to see that Mel Hall was waving to her. All of a sudden she knew he wasn't afraid of him any more. He belonged to the intelligible; the men who were almost as easy to talk to as women.

"Want to congratulate you!" Martha said quietly.

"Thanks," he said briefly, and rather shyly. "You know I was just looking at this house on the old Saunders place—it's to let—and wondering what could be done with it."

"I love old houses; let me explore it with you," Martha said calmly.

She knew very well he was looking at it for Della Summers, but she didn't care. She did like old houses, and always planned how she would paint and paper and hang curtains.

Mel thrust up a window and pulled Martha in after him. She came in tumbling and rose cheeks and laughed with feigned gayety when she saw the blackness of his hands and her own rusty marks.

"Like the living room?" he asked suddenly.

"Why, it's darling! You can paint the woodwork ivory white and put up orange curtains and get that lovely old mahogany town at Henderson's. Here's a hearth and space between the windows for bookshelves," she rambled on delightedly, until she saw him watching her, and remembered with hot-checked dismay, that it

Nut Cakes

By Bertha Shapleigh
Cooking Authority of Columbia University

2 eggs.
1 cup brown sugar.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
1/2 teaspoon baking powder.
1 cup flour.
1 cup Pecan meats cut in small pieces.
Beat eggs slightly, add brown sugar and beat together. Sift baking powder, salt and flour. Stir lightly into eggs and sugar. Add nut meats and bake in small, shallow buttered tin in a moderate oven 20 minutes.
This quantity will make from 20 to 24, depending upon the size of the tin.

was his house and Della's she was planning.

"Go on," he said. "Do the dining room!" as they strolled into the long bay-windowed room.

"It's your turn," she said. He told her that he'd like it in blue; he'd always wanted a dining room in blue, but would she like it?

"Do you mean would Della like it?" Martha asked, drawing back.

"Della—what do you mean—what's she got to do with it?"

"Why, aren't you going to marry Della?" Martha asked in a shocked tone.

He came over and caught hold of both her hands and said simply, "No, in going to marry you!"

She found she was kissing him back and then she tried to push him away while between her choked voice and her tears she whispered, "But you're engaged, mother told me—"

"As superintendent of the lower mill!" he shouted. "You adorable little goose. You don't think that when a man could have a real girl that he'd ever want a silly flapper with earrings and bobbed hair?"

Martha could only turn her hot face against his shoulder and wonder how it had ever happened to her.

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FARMINGTON

Weiner Roast

The Rebecca Lodge held a weiner roast at Midway Thursday evening. A large crowd attended the affair.

Pastor Improving

The Rev. L. W. Peter, who has been confined to his home for several weeks with an attack of typhoid fever, is steadily improving.

Labor Day Program

The Labor Day program, to be given here Monday under the auspices of the Modern Woodmen of America, will consist of a number of athletic events including four baseball games, a horsehoe tournament and three tennis matches.

High School to Open

The local high school building has been thoroughly cleaned and taken care of by the janitor, W. E. Lough. It is now in readiness for the opening of school Monday.

Return Home

Miss Madlyn Whitlatch, Miss Anna Bock, Lester Dudley and William Davis motored from Seven Islands near Rowlesburg Sunday, where the Misses Whitlatch and Bock had been the guests of Miss Whitlatch's father.

Improve Street

About two feet of the sidewalk in front of the L. O. O. F. Building at Mill street has been removed and the remaining space paved to eliminate accidents due to the sharp corner formerly found here.

Church Services

The services in the M. E. Church tomorrow will be as follows: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. with W. E. Maple, superintendent in charge; Epworth League at 7 p. m.; preaching service at 8 p. m. with the Rev. F. M. Malcolm in charge.

The services in the M. E. Church South tomorrow will consist of Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. and a meeting of the Epworth League at 7 p. m.

The Church of Christ will hold Bible study services at 10 a. m. tomorrow.

Persons

Howe Stidger visited in Fairmont Wednesday.

Miss Margaret Griffith was shopping in Fairmont Thursday.

Miss Virginia Fox of Fairmont is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Collins.

Midge Thompson was a business visitor in Fairmont Wednesday.

O. W. Slocum and daughters, Thelma and Naomi, and Onis Jones attended the M. P. & R. picnic held at Norwood Park in Clarksburg Thursday.

MUCH MONEY MADE
IN SLOT MACHINES

JUAREZ, Mexico, Sept. 2.—Although most kinds of gambling are prohibited in Mexico, a large number of slot machines are operated here, a part of a concession owned by Gen. J. J. Mendez, commander of the Juarez military garrison. Operators declare large profits are derived from the machines, some of whom have announced they would give twenty-five nickles in change for one dollar, provided the customer plays them in the machine.

One operator's profit on three machines here showed an average of \$117 a week, which is forty per cent of the net earnings of the three devices. The owner received an average of \$176 a week on the three, or sixty per cent of the profits. The keeper received forty per cent. All machines, however, do not return as much profit.

General Mendez's concession contract, which expires December 31, calls for \$2,700 a month and approximately \$500 for repair men and other helpers.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

THE SECRET



Flap-Doodle stopped his tom-fooling and listened.

Flap-Doodle, the purple fairy, who flew by his ears, went up to the Spiky-Sparrow Star.

He didn't dare to go back to the Tinky-Winkie Star where he used to live because he'd treated all the Tinky-Winkies so mean.

You see, after he'd stole the Fairy Queen's wand he got so smart he changed everything he saw into something else.

He even changed Nancy and Nick into white rabbits, and dear knows they'd be white rabbits yet. I s'pose is Rubadub, the fairyman, hadn't said a charm and changed them back.

Flap-Doodle turned round and round by his hands on one of the long star points, like you've seen acrobats do on a bar at the circus. He held the Fairy Queen's wand in his teeth and hummed a tune (because he couldn't sing with his mouth shut).

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Launching the Marriage Ship

By ZOE BECKLEY

Connie pressed her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Fred all the woman instinct in her steel against Hanna Fuller now, as when she saw her first. Why not see Fred at the Gypsy saleroom during business hours? Why choose Fred anyhow? Why so pointedly abstain from asking his wife, too, for a neighborly call? Reluctantly she represented the message to Fred. He rose at once, the salesman in him touched off with the "prospect."

"Tell her," he said eagerly, "I'll be right down."

Connie did not at once do so. It did seem as if Fred might have been willing to finish out with his wife their dinner hour. Dessert was not yet on the table—such a nice desert all fruity and whipped-cream and made with lovingest care.

"Mr. Dale will come down in about—10 minutes," she spoke into the telephone. "We're almost through with dinner."

Fred made as though to interrupt but paused. He was getting a glimmering of understanding of Connie—the real Connie, underneath the pretty and gentle exterior.

"Gosh, Connie, Cunningham was right, all right! This house will pay the rent for you, you'll see."

Connie served the dessert without joining in Fred's enthusiasm. "It might let a woman have her husband at least for dinner," she protested. But she dabbled an extra spoonful of cream on Fred's plate which, boy-like, he scraped to the last fragment.

Then he pushed back his chair and jumped to the mirror for a final review of hair and tie.

"Be back soon as business is over, Duke," he said, kissing Connie on both dimples.

"I wonder if that doesn't depend on what her business with you is," Connie murmured a little pointedly.

"Now don't get silly notions in your head! 'Bye—and kiss your old man as though you meant it!"

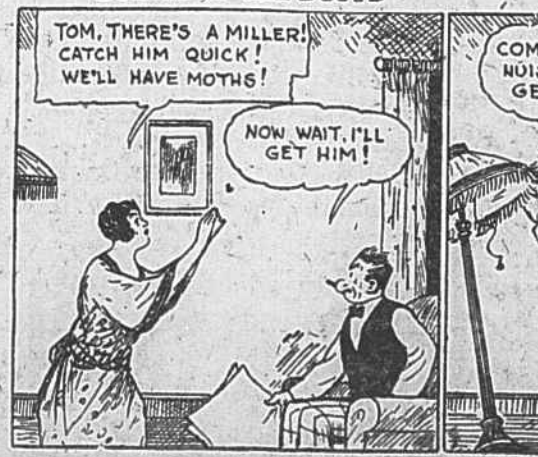
But he left Connie silent, standing by the window and staring out at nothing. Hurrying down the two flights, he rang the bell at the Fuller apartment. Hanna herself opened the door, a gorgeous human butterfly, the long floating sleeves of

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



something orange-tinted in it, and seated herself in a deep chair opposite Fred.

"And now," she smiled, "tell me about Gypsy."

To Be Continued
(Copyright, 1922)EAST SIDE
NEWS

Missionary Meeting

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Central Christian Church will meet next Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Winnie M. Jacobs in Fairmont avenue. An interesting program is being prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Clyde Darrah. Mrs. R. E. Ash will be in charge of the special musical numbers. The devotional will be conducted by Mrs. Ed Smith. The hostesses will be Mrs. Winnie M. Jacobs, Mrs. F. K. Hall, Mrs. B. F. Evans, Mrs. John Ross, Mrs. Cora M. Orr and Mrs. C. C. Patterson. Those who will take part in the program include Mrs. L. O. Shingleton, Mrs. T. F. Roby, Mrs. Frank Williams and Mrs. G. E. Hoffman.

To Monterey, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Arbogast and Mrs. Arbogast's mother, Mrs. J. N. Gaskins, left Friday morning for Monterey, Va., where they will be guests of the former's relatives the next two weeks.

Corn Roast

Fay Gaskins and sister, Mary May and Annie Gaskins, gave a corn roast last evening at their home on Ice's Run. A large crowd was present and an enjoyable time was had by all present.

Tent Meetings

The tent meetings that are being conducted near Walnut Grove under the auspices of the Church of Christ on Columbia street, are drawing large crowds each evening. Evangelist R. E. Taylor is in charge of the meetings. There will be services Sunday at 2:30 and 8 p. m.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Watkins and L. O. Shingleton and family, who spent considerable of the time this summer in camp near Catawba, have returned to their homes and closed the camp for the season.

Howard Gaskins has returned from Tenn. Ala. where he visited his son Edward, who is a patient at the sanitarium there. Master Edward is improving nicely.

Walton Foley of Front street has returned from attending the Pennsylvania fair and visiting relatives at West Union.

Mrs. Charles Burgoyne of Evansville is visiting Mrs. J. L. Carpenter in Diamond street.

Mrs. Cora Morrow of State street has returned from a ten days stay at Boothville with her aunt, Mrs. Rachel Craig. Mrs. Craig is recovering from a severe illness.

With deft fingers she lighted his cigarette, presented a tiny glass with

EXPECT STORK AT
HOME OF PRINCESS

PARIS, Sept. 2.—Princess Xenia of Greece, niece of King Constantine and wife of William Leeds, Jr., is at present in Paris with her husband, expecting an addition to the family. If a boy is born to the Princess, he will inherit the entire \$40,000,000 fortune of the late William Leeds, the American tinplate king. The Leeds will provide that if there is no male issue, the whole sum shall go to the New York Lying-In Hospital.

The \$40,000,000 is now in the form of a trust fund, the interest on which is drawn by Princess Christopher (formerly Mrs. William Leeds). Upon the death of the American Princess the interest will revert to her son, husband of Princess Xenia. In the event of his death or that of his wife, the fortune will go to a male heir, if there be one, as the American law provides that a trust fund shall cease with the third generation.

Young Leeds and his wife are living with Prince and Princess Christopher at a fashionable hotel in Paris. Princess Christopher's allowance to them enables them to entertain lavishly. The youthful couple spend most of their time automobiling, yachting and airplaning. They probably will accompany the Princess on her visit to the United States this autumn.

Much criticism is said to have arisen in Greece over the continued absence of Prince Christopher, who is King Constantine's youngest brother. All his brothers and nephews are serving their country or the army in some capacity while Christopher is alleged to be living a life of indolence and pleasure.

sure in Paris on the gold of his affluent American wife. It has not yet been decided whether he will accompany her to America, as some missivings apparently are felt as to the cordiality of his welcome there. So far the Prince has not even visited England because of the know prejudice of the Brit ish against his brother Constantine.

Mrs. Leeds was married to Prince Christopher in January of 1920 in Switzerland. Her son married Princess Xenia in Paris last October.

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Tom Is Quite a Help

BY ALLMAN

